

Cold, Tired, and Single

One snowy day, in the nation of Grey Nation, State of Kikiyan, a grey renamon lumberjack named Galin Kof was returning home on his Pikilin sled after a hard day of working in the forest with his pals. At the time, it was snowing, and starting to get windy. He had to get home soon if he was to avoid the snowstorm that seemed to be forming. "Mush, comrades, MUSH!" ordered the strong, handsome renamon male to his sled Pikilins, not wanting to get frozen. Even though his kind have more fur than normal renamons, that didn't mean he could go out into the cold without clothes without getting sick and frozen. He adjusted his headgear as the winds started to pick up more, blowing snow in his face and making it a tad more difficult to see. Thankfully, his home was not far, as he could see his cabin up ahead. It wasn't too long before he finally made it to the front of his home, parking his sled and bringing his Pikilins into the Pikilin building, where they could roam free, eat, and play in the safety of the indoors. After that was done, he quickly went inside his house, just as the storm was getting worse.

Inside his wood cabin, he got out of his wet winter jacket, boots, and snow pants, and tossed them into a corner next to his laundry machine to clean later (his cabin is not very big by the way, and only has two rooms: the main room, where he cooks, sleeps, cleans, and relaxes in, and the bathroom). His clothes were a bit wet as well, so he decided to get out of them and toss them into the corner with his other clothes, now simply in his underwear. He then sighed, and headed over to his old TV to see if anything was on TV. Of course, with the storm going on outside, his antenna could not get anything. "Chert voz'mi! Blast this worthless hunk of junk! If only I had the money, I would have gotten something better, like those Yellow nation satellite dishes!" exclaimed Galin, giving his TV a nice slap on the side. He then turned off his TV, since he was in no mood to watch static, and simply plopped onto his couch, resting his head against the armrest as he laid there bored.

For those of you who do not know him, Galin is a rather lonely man. For the past 5 years, he lived in his cabin in the middle of what seemed like no where... Alone, with guest hardly coming by. His only companions be his Sled Pikilins, who he sometimes like to play with when he is bored and the day is lovely. But not today, since there is a storm outside that he does not want to be in. Of course, he has friends, but most of the time they don't have time to visit him, with them being so busy with their families and such. When they do visit, though, it surely is most grand. But you want to know what really stinks about his lonely life?

The fact that he never had a woman in his life. Ever...

Yes, he is thirty six years old, and still a virgin. But what's not to like? He is strong, and very handsome. Yet, after all these years, he still hasn't found Miss. Right. Why, do you ask? Maybe it is because he is picky about his women, only wanting the best for him. Or maybe it's because most of the women don't really find him interesting (trust me, he doesn't do much, even when he goes into town. He either goes there to do some shopping, or get a drink at the pub once in a while, but nothing else). Maybe it's because no one wants to live with a man who lives oh so far away from town. Whatever the reason may be, he is alone, and really quite lonely.

Suddenly, he started to think about women. He thought about how nice it would be to come home to a lovely girl his age, and be greeted with a kiss every time he left and came home. He imagined cuddling in front of a warm fire with drinks, and later making such wonderful love to her to sound of music and candle light. Why, the mere thought of it soon started to make him a tad horny, and the bulge in his underwear started to grow. He soon went into sitting position on the couch, facing his handmade coffee table and TV as he looked down to see his little friend wanting to say hi. Well, since he was alone, and he had no one else to satisfy him, he figured "Meh, why not?"

Being a lonely man meant the only sexual pleasure he felt in his life was though masturbation. And of course, he was really used to it. He slowly slid his underwear off, and tossed it into the wet pile of clothes ten feet behind him. He then took a moment to gaze at his eleven inch manhood. Oh, how long and big it was. It was a fascinating sight to him, since most men in his hometown don't have penises this big. After a few seconds of gazing upon the wonder that is his cock, he reached down and firmly grasped it, cooing as he felt his tight grip around his member. Then he began to pump, letting out a moan as the first feelings of pleasure were felt. It was times like this where he wished he had a sex partner with him. A lovely woman who would be there to suck him off and offer her cunny to his cock, and later ride him, moaning and sweating together as they gave each other pleasure. These thoughts went though his mind as he jerked off, some precum oozing out the tip of his member. As he pleased himself, he reached down with his other paw, and cupped his balls, fondling them and teasing himself as he masturbated. His body soon began to get warmer as he continued, panting and groaning as he played with himself.

After a while, his cock was starting to feel wonderful. He closed his eyes and laid back as he worked himself to his orgasm, getting closer and closer. As he neared his orgasm, his dirty thoughts became ever more naughty, with the women in his mind going all the way to become kinky and sexy. The pleasure just kept building in his throbbing cock, precum dripping off the tip and on the couch, and making his paw a bit messy. Then, as the women in his mind orgasmed, so did he. With a loud moan, his hard manhood shot several long strings of cum upon the coffee table in front of him, making a rather sticky mess. He then let go of his cock and opened his eyes, hot and tired after a good fap. He saw the mess he made, but he didn't really care at the time. He could always clean it later. Right now, though, he was a bit sleepy, and was having trouble keeping his eyes open. So, with a yawn, he decided to take a nap on the couch he fapped on, closing his eyes once more and going to sleep, nude and dirty.

Today was just another day in the life of Galin. He may still be single and alone, but at least he is able to deal with his loneliness with his skillful masturbation. At least, until he finally finds Miss Right. But until then, the only lover in his life is his paws.

The end?
